

BELL TOWER, SAY GABRIEL.

RICH IN MEMORIES OF OTHER DAYS

When the Spanish Fathers Tended Their Flocks of Indians.

PADRE JUNIPERO'S WORK

Written for The Evening Star.



F I WERE ASKED to name the most picturesque of the Californian mission buildings I should award the palm to the ruins of San Antonio de Padua. Having visited them all, twentyin number, stretching along the coast from San Diego to San Francisco, 1 can also say that, in my opinion, we have

no other body of ancient structures that will compare with these missions for architectural attractions and interesting asso ciations. It is a very strange fact that the climate of southern Spain and southern California are so much alike that the buildings found most fit in the mother country were likewise those best adapted to this

setts, they would have been puzzled as to what style of house to erect for shelter. That which they were used to, as it turned out, was exactly suited to the countries they colonized, but it would not have done for the cold and wintry north. Imagine the typical "casa" of Cuba and Mexico (which is exactly the same as we find in the mission structure), with its open corridors and "patio," unglazed windows and without a sign of a chimney, strugging with the winter zephyrs of Boston or Portland, on the North Atlantic coast.

There was something the typical "casa" the same as we find in the mission structure). Structure, with disconting the typical "casa" of Cuba and Mexico (which is exactly the same as we find in the mission structure), with its open corridors and "patio," unglazed windows and without a sign of a chimney, strugging with the winter zephyrs of Boston or Portland, on the North Atlantic coast.

Exploring the Rivers.

There was something the temperature fell as suddently as the birds before our gun. There were not only doves in abuntance, but rabbits cotton-tacis and jacks.), besides large to the building and a vineyard stretches away to the building and or chards lie immediately in front of the building and a vineyard stretches away to the building and or chards lie immediately in the building and vineyard stretches away to the building and vineyard stretches away to the

voyagings, for, as it were by instinct, he of the church fell in, picked out the choicest continents and is- had not attracted the attention of the lands to exploit and the countries most favored by kind nature. There was nothing providential for the Indians, however, for wherever the Spaniard landed there he immediately exercised despotic sovereignty, wherever the Spaniard landed there he immediately exercised despotic sovereignty, and in the end the poor native disappeared. One of the few exceptions to the general constitutionals, wise across the nave of the church, and an agave to give a tropical aspect to the ruin, are old San Antonio seemed rather to pertain to Spain or Mexico than to the limited States. statement that the Spaniard had a "nose" for gold and was never inimical to the aborigines is found in California, for it was not until he was expelled that gold was discovered there, and today there remain some descendants of the primitive peoples.

No longer, however, do we find any of them inhabiting the old missions, which are mainly in rulns, all save a few, such as San Luis Rev. Santa Barbara. San Euenaventura, etc., which have been wholly or in part restored. Two of them—San Luis Rev and Santa Barbara-are now the abiding places of holy men, who, as in the olden time, spend their lives in prayer and medi-

Founding the Mission.

But I was going to speak of the third mission founded by that worthy father, Junipero Serra, which was San Antonio de ing more upon the wild acorns they gather pany with two padres and a guard of soldiers Father Serra traveled southward from Monterey, seeking a site for another mis-California was then virgin territory, and the Spaniards possessed it all by right of discovery, it was only necessary to pick out a good spot, hang up a bell on a tree or crossbar between two crotched sticks and summon the heathen to mass. This is what good Padre Junipero did on

the site of San Antonio, in that distant day of the past century, when he and his little party had reached a beautiful dell covered with oak trees, and which, in consequence of its arboreal growths, they called "Los Robles," of the Oaks. There was a river here suitable, they thought, for irrigation, and a line plain for cultivation. As soon as the mules were unladen, the padre seized the bell he had brought, suspended it from the limb of a tree, and began to ring it. water from the irrigation ditch was conduct-

PICTURESQUE RUINS
Padre Junipero discovered the site. and if that worthy man found the heat as oppressive as I did, he was a saint, indeednot to mention it. The thermometer at the hotel where I took conveyance registered 108 degrees in the shade, and even the natives allowed themselves to speak of it, not disparagingly, but with pride, as an instance of what California could do when she tried. It was their proud boast that in no other section of the union, probably, could man endure such a temperature and live.

the new.

structure has of late served as a farm storehouse, and the long corridor, which is yet intact, is cumbered with agricultural machinery and piled high with sacks of grain. There is, in fact, more of an agri-

cultural and pastoral atmosphere about San Fernando than about any other, for it oc-

cupies the center of a vast estate, which was once irrigated by means of works which still exist, though unused.

The great gardens and olive orchards may yet be traced, some remains of both having been preserved, and two large

having been preserved, and two large palms indicate the grand avenue which once led to the mission buildings. A description of this mission exists, in a rare book called "Life in the Far West," written fifty years ago, which brings before us the delightful life led by the padres before they were so rudely disturbed by "los Americanos." The mission of San Fernando is situated on a small river called Las

Americanos." The mission of San Fernando is situated on a small river called Las Animas. The convent is built at the neck of a large plain, at the point of influx of the stream from the broken spurs of the Sierras. The savanna is covered with luxuriant grass, kept down, however, by the countless herds of cattle which pasture it. The banks of the creek are covered with a lofty growth of oak and peplar, which near the mission have been considerably

live.

It seemed rather ridiculous then that my driver should slip a gun and a stack of loaded shells into the buggy, with the information that the open season for doves began that day, and he was going to be beforehand. I have shot many sorts of game, in hot weather as well as cold, but never with the mercury up to the century mark.

But the wisdom of my Jehu was made manifest as the shades of evening fell and we gained the oak openings interspersed with grain fields, for the doves were in

when he died, in 1883, the Indians ceased to

ome here.
The nearest Indian settlement is at Mil-

When, a few years ago, a celebration was held here but three or four of the old "mis-sion Indians" were alive and present Among them was an old squaw who had

never been off the reservation in her life and who was nearly a hundred years old.

She was cared for tenderly and fed with

Educated the Indians.

As in all the other missions, the Indians

were taught all manner of trades, and some

of them became very expert as builders.

masons, carpenters and even machinists

In front of the main building at one side

are the ruins of the grist mill, where the

ice cream, among other delicacies



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY IN HIS SPECIAL CAR.

The President of the United States Lives in Luxury.

HOW THE ARRANGEMENTS ARE MADE

Precautions Taken to Insure the Safety of the Train.

PREPARING THE ITINERARY

Written for The Evening Star.

George Washington was the original traveling President; and in his day it was no small undertaking to get about the country. He set an example for his successors by trying to become acquainted with the country and its people between the sessions of Congress. Two summers he spent in his private carriage going into New England and through the south to achieve this

It is only in recent years that presidential journeying has been made spectacular. The early Presidents could travel about without being mobbed. Jackson and Tcy-lor walked the streets of Washington and stopped to chat with a friend like any other citizen, and when they traveled .o one thought of standing gazing at them or of forcing himself upon them for a handshake. Then the President of the United States could travel as simply and as unostentatiously as he pleased. Now he goes in a special train and the band at every crossroads station plays "Hall to the Chief" horribly Chief" horribly.

Chief" horribly.

There was only one President who had a private car. That was Lincoln, the man above all others who was simple in his tastes. It was not a very fine affair. Today it would not be used for second-class traffic. All the other Presidents have traveled in private cars offered for their use by railroad companies or sleeping car companies.

Planned a Special Car. Just after the election of President Mc-

Kinley some railroad men got together and planned a special car for the President which was to be finer than that of Queen Victoria's. It was to be built throughout of native products and the blending of na-

WHEN HE TRAVELS and left the track clear between the beginning and end of the President's journey.

As an additional precaution, a pilot engine is sent ahead of the President's train

Expert Work.

To arrange the schedules for a presidential journey is no small undertaking. Mr. George W. Boyd, assistant general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania road, has done more of this than any other railroad man, and he could arrange to take the man, and he could arrange to take the President safely around the world on forty-eight hours' notice. When the President wants to make a long journey he usually calls Mr. Boyd in for consultation as an expert. Mr. Boyd looks up the regular schedules of all the roads to be covered and calculates the running time of their trains. He has to balance everything with great nicety so as not to bring the President to a big city at 2 in the morning or great nicety so as not to bring the President to a big city at 2 in the morning or land him at a terminal without provision for continuing the journey on some other line. When he has mapped out the trips he telegraphs the officials of all the railroads to ask if they can pick the Presiden's train up at this point at that time and take it through to the other station at such an hour. This schedule includes all the important stops with an allowance of the important stops, with an allowance of five or ten minutes for each daylight station on the route. When the railroads agree to the schedule it is finally delivered to the project of the schedule it is finally delivered.

agree to the schedule it is finally delivered to the President.

You see, the President personally has very little voice in the matter. He must pass through certain places en route to his destination. Public sentiment demands that he stop for five minutes here and for a half hour there. Between these stops the speed capacity of the railroad must be con-sidered, and the President seldom travels at the highest rate, for fear of accident. At the end of the route the President has to go through a program of speechmaking and dining and sightseeing arranged for him by the local committee.

President Harrison and President Cleve-land always took newspaper correspond-ents with them on their journeys. Presi-dent McKinley so far has generally refused to do so, and his secretaries have made up a report of the incidents of the trips to be given to the press with copies of the a report of the incidents of the trips to be given to the press, with copies of the President's speeches at the large cities where the President's train stops. The speeches are not prepared, except for important occasions. The President has his own stenographer take note of what he says in his impromptu speeches, and then carefully revises the manuscript. All this business is handled for him by his private secretary, George B. Cortelyou, who always accompanies him.

The President chooses the members of his party. With the exception of the train crew, every man or woman aboard is his guest. One feature of the expense of the journey the President usually pays for. It is the provisioning of his car. It is no small part of the cost of a trip, for in much of the sparsely settled western country

to see that the track is safe.

CANADA'S CAPITAL

A Visit to the House of Parliament at Ottawa.

FURNISHES LOTS OF ENTERTAINMENT

Some of the Humors of Campaigning in the Far North.

POLITICS AND RELIGION

Written for The Evening Ctar by Cy. Warman. Parliament meets in the afternoon at Ottawa, takes recess for supper, reassembles and sits far into the night, unless some one gets tired. Just at the opening of the house the scene is the least bit stately and imposing, but only for a moment, when the sergeant-at-arms enters bearing the great mace, the emblem of authority, followed by Sir James Edger, author and poet, who is the dignified speaker of the Canadian commons. When the mace is placed upon the green cloth covered table Sir James takes the chair, the high-backed handcarved chair, that will never be occupied by any other speaker. Not that the incumbent has a life job, but because when he goes he takes the chair away with him. His successor will have a new one. That is one of the rules of the house. The moment the house settles down to

business it becomes simplicity itself. If the people of a staid Canadian town were assembled to discuss ways and means for the purchase of a new cart, the participants could not be less self-conscious, or more at ease, than are these far-called members of parliament.

The chamber in which the lower boyes.

members of parliament.

The chamber in which the lower house sits is very like that of the House of Representatives at Washington. The speaker sits in the same position, at one side, but the seats do not circle; they stand in rows, parallel with the speaker's glance as he looks out over the level space where the secretaries and shorthand men, called Hansard men here, do their work. sard men here, do their work.

Lounge in Their Places.

The seats all have desks in front of them, where the members write letters home explaining why, when they ought to be listening to the opposition goading the government. The Canadian lawmakers lounge in their seats with their hats on and neckties up behind, as carelessly and cadaverishly as the M. P.'s lounge in Lon-But I like the way they run the show.

It's all open, every minister must be a member and be on hand to explain things away. In this way they keep their scan-dals pretty well cleared up, instead of keeping them suppressed until the cans be-gin to explode. The first six seats in the front row to

the right and to the left of the speaker are handsomely upholstered. These are for the ministers, the ins and the outsthe ins to the right and the outs the ins to the right and the outs to the left. Always in the sixth seat from the end the premier, who is the leader, sits, and directly opposite Sir Wilfrid sits the ex-premier, the venerable Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., G. C. M. G., the leader of the opposition, his fine old English face contradicting the story that he is an old man Directly behind the ex-premier his son. Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, sits. He comes

from far Vancouver to twit the government about the Klondik

Rule a Vast Empire.

Now, as we sit in the gallery, and my Scottish friend, who has kindly consented to be my guide and interpreter, points out the different members, and where they come from, I begin to realize that these men "rule a vaster empire than has been."
That big man there, with one end of his collar at large comes from the far corner of Nova Scotia, and the short man with careless hair is from Edmonton, away out where the road ends and the narrow trail leads away into the content. where the road ends and the narrow trail leads away into the land of gold, and of the midnight sun. The neat, smooth-faced little Englishman in evening dress comes trom British Columbia. It took him eighteen mentish columnia. It took him eighteen mentish to canvass his district, and cost (my friend said) eighteen thousand dollars. "You would not notice it in his walk," the Scotchman added, "but one of his legs is longer than the other now." longer than the other now.

object! I ob-ject!" said a blonde man,

looked puzzled. He could not understand why an ex-minister of the gospel should object to being called the Reverend Mr. object to being caned the Reverting and Blank, but the chair ruled that the lan-guage was unparliamentary, ordered it all rubbed out and instructed the offending member to confine himself to the ordinary

Well, I don't blame him. But what a saying of time and trousers he might have worked by simply selecting one tall tree, climbing to the top and staying up there nihety-nine times! father wished him to become a clergy-

The Distinguished English Novelist and the Marked Success of His Novels. To be made a knight of the realm and ever thereafter to see "Sir" written before his name, as befell Walter Besant, the novelist, on the queen's birthday in 1898, would be pleasing to any Briton, as it undoubtedly was to Besant. Yet in his eyes that honor was of far less account than

ious work by the critics, this is far and away the best known of Besant's writings. ious work by the critics, this is far and away the best known of Besant's writings. It was the first preduction of his pen after the virtual dissolution of his writing partnership with James Rice. Its plot and scope were discussed and approved by Rice, but he fell ill before it was begun and died before it was finished. In the story the people's palace was the idea of a and died before it was finished. In the story the people's palace was the idea of a woman who had learned much about the life of London's working folk by dwelling among them for a time, during which she discovered one of their greatest lacks to be the means of healthful amusement. The institution she devised to supply this lack was successful in Besant's fiction, and so duplicate in America, and he devotes institution she devised to supply this lack was successful in Besant's fiction, and so has been its duplicate in real life. It was opened in person by Queen Victoria more than twelve years ago, and similar institutions have since been established in several of the world's cities, including some real of the world's cities, including some real of the world's cities, including some real of the world's cities. eral of the world's cities, including some twice, the second time in 1803. He then

Walter Besant is now sixty-one. His the cities of Chicago and Buffalo.

man, and the young man was aducated with that career in view, but escaped it by taking the professorship of mathematics in the Royal College at Mauritius, that strange Island, washed by the Indian ocean, on which the scene of Pierre's fa-mouse story, Paul and Virginia, is laid. Besant met Rice in 1873 and they worked together nearly ten years. They made an admirable team, but the nov-is written by Besant since Rice's death have shown

is an unassuming semi-detached villa. The author's study is on the ground floor and opens upon a long and pleasant garden. His collection of books is carefully classified, one of the shelves being devoted to vol-umes treating of eighteenth century top-ics; another to masterpieces of French literature and critical works thereon; a third to local guide books and histories of Lon-



by a jack.

it was hot.

SAN FERNANDO (DE ESPANA).

erying out: "Oh, Indians, come, come, ed through a funnel-shaped flume upon a the enthusiastic Serra for his foolishness; but he replied: "Ah, let me satisfy the longing of my own heart; there will be Ludians here aron." And there were for Indians here anon." And there were, for within two years 150 were baptized, and at the time of Father Junipero's death more than a thousand had gathered about the nent established here. Not one re-today, and for years old San Antonio has stood a mere monument of past achievements: though at one time, not long after its foundation, its seven great farms produced more wheat, it is said, than those attached to any other mission on the coast, and their flour was celebrated.

A Hot Ride. To reach this most interesting ruin one must leave the railroad at Kings or San

made the very week of the month in which

come to the holy church; come, come to primitive turbine wheel sunken in a pit. receive the faith of Jesus Christ." There Both mill and wheel were the invention of an were no Indians within sound of his voice. primitive turbine wheel sunken in a pit. Both mill and wheel were the invention of an uneducated Indian, who obtained his ideas, it is said, from observing the balance wheel of a watch. The millstones are gone, the pit is nearly filled with sand, but only a few years ago the wheel would revolve and turn the stones, which were in a small structure of masonwork above and connected by a shaft, still standing erect. A sad reminder of the once populous mission in its prime is the cemetery near inclosed within a broken wall of adobe. There are thousands buried there, so tradition states—nore dead Indians, in fact, than there are live ones along the whole stretch of coast at the present time. It might be said also that there are more dead Spaniards in California today than there are lived to the result of the company of the says:

"When He got a good job finished He didn't seem to Think that all he Had to do the rest of His Life was set around and Blow about it," says maw.

"That's Rite," says paw.

"That's Rite," says paw. receive the faith of Jesus Christ." There were no Indians within sound of his voice, and one of the brothers remonstrated with the enthusiastic Serra for his foolishness; but he replied: "Ah, let me satisfy the pit is nearly filled with sand, but only a pit is nearly filled with sand, but only a pit is nearly filled with sand, but only a at the present time. It might be said also that there are more dead Spaniards in Calfornia today than there are living sons of Spain within its confines.

As They Are Today. The question has often been asked: What Lucas, in Monterey county, and "stage it" good purpose can these old missions serve for about seventeen miles. My visit was today? This might be variously answered; good purpose can these old missions serve some of them have been in a measure re- of The Star.

Always Got the Best.

There was something providential (for the Spaniard) in the general trend of his of the church fell in, and as the mission of the church fell in, and as the mission control of the church fell in, and as the mission control of the church fell in, and as the mission control of the church fell in, and as the mission control of the church fell in, and as the mission control of the church fell in, and as the mission control of the church fell in and toned bell, the wonder of the Indian peons and highly venerated by the "frayles" them-"restoration cranks," it has not been rendered commonplace. With the earthen tiles still covering in patches the earther terms of the certain venerable archibishop of old Spain, and who, while regarding it with reverential awe, tells wondrous tales of it tures on the road to its present abiding

Of late years the number of the canon ical inmates has been much reduced, there being but four priests now to do the duties United States.
It is sixteen years since the last "padre" was here, the Rev. Father Ambris, a Mexican Indian from the district of Lake Chajala. He was a good old man, a lover of flowers, which he kept in great pots all about. The delightful garden, attractive even in its decay, in which are to be found pomegranates from Spain, peaches and pears and white Castillan roses, was always full of his bee hives and blooming with the of the eleven who formerly inhabited the convent, Fray Augustine, a Capuchin of due capacity of paunch, being at the head of the holy quartet. Augustin is the con kept in great pots all ventual name of the reverend father, who fails not to impress upon such casual visitors to the ultima thule as he deems likely appreciate the information that add the sonorous appellation of Ignacio Sa-banal-Morales y Fuentes, his family being of the best blood of old Castile, and known full of his bee hives and blooming with the flowers he so tenderly cherished. He was the very last of the mission fathers, and since the days of the great Campeador, etc.

> An Ensy Lot in Life. Nevertheless, his lot is no bad one, with

plenty of the fattest meat to eat, whether of beef or venison, of bear or mountain mutton, with good wine and brandy, of home Padua, on the 14th of July, 1771. In com-and store, like the woodpeckers, than upon the grist from their aboriginal mill, turned in great abundance; wheaten or corn bread to suit his palate; a tractable flock of na-tives to guide, and assisted in the task by three brother shepherds; far from the strife three brother shepherds; lar from the strife of politics or party; secure from hostile attack—not quite, by the way—and eating, drinking and sleeping away his time, one would imagine that Fray Augustino Ignacio Sabanal-Morales y Fuentas had little to trouble him, and no cause to regret even the very of Cartillar Fiber held by the formula on blowing upon it to cool it, saying vega of Castilian Ebro, held by his family

since the days of El Campeador.
There is no doubt that the life led by the frayles was well-nigh idyllic, and it seems pity that they should have been so rough-turned adrift, first by the Mexicans and en by the incoming Americans. But they are gone now, their convents in ruins, their vast fields waste and their Indians disfields waste and their Indians dis-

Little Georgie on His Pa's Joke. From the Chicago Times-Herald. They are Some people what think it

Would be best fer Dewey to jist Come Heam and Be quiet. Their jealous. Last nite paw he says to maw: "What's the Use of All This Here hully-

baloo, ennyhow? You'd Think by the way People is goin on that Dewey was the only one what ever Done his duty. If Dewey had of went down There in the dark and licked the Spaniards without bein Told to they might Be some Reeson Fer callin it a Grait act, but my gee, Didn't they tell Him He Had o do it? If Georgie would mow the lawn Without bein told to it would Be somethin worth celebratin, But if he done it jist Because I told Him to, an He knew, he Had to, I Don't think they Would Be mny sense tryin to make out He was a noddle.For other Boys." Every Time paw gits a chanct He has To

Every Time paw gits a chanct He has To Git his hammer out fer Me.

"Well," maw says, "I dunno But They are a Good Deal in what you say, But Licken the Spaniards ain't all Dewey done, They are somethin' Better than that to show That He is fur Above Other men v hat I could name if I wanted to make Them mad."

'What's that?" says paw.

What is it?"
Paw he kind of Rolled his tung around in His cheek and smiled like if He had a good one comin and Then he says:
"Well, He's a widower."
I dunno what the Joak was, But paw he nearly laft till he Busted. Maw she dide'nt Say ennything, but At Dinner paw claimed all the Decayed strawberries Was in His dish.

GEORGIE.

posal of the President their finest ears, and railroad officers tender the use of their private coaches, because as they go about the country they are a peripatetic advertisement for railroad and sleeping car companies; and either one would be very glad, if it were necessary, to pay something for the privilege of carrying the chief magis-

trate.

tive woods in its decoration was to suggest

every section of the country. All the ma-terial was to be contributed and the labor

was to be done in the ratiroad shops. This

expanded into a plan for an entire train

for the President's use, to be an appanage of the executive office, not Mr. McKinley's private property. The elaborated plan pro-

vided for a baggage car to contain a dyna-

mo for heating and lighting the other cars, a sleeping coach for the President's secretary and clerks, and a special car for the

President and his guests. As planned, the President's car was to be 69 feet 6 inches long, or 151% feet longer than Queen Vic-toria's; while its width was to be 9 feet 8

bath room and an observation room were also in the plans.

Nothing has been done toward building

Paying for the Journey.

Sleeping car companies put at the dis-

Only one railroad man disagrees with this proposition so far as is known. He was the general passenger agent of a running east from St. Louis when President Harrison visited that city. The rail-road man who was managing the trips was allied with the same interests as the general passenger agent, though on a different line. He declined the invitation of another road to take the President's train east through loyalty to his own people. And then the general passenger agent made him pay the full first-class rate for hauling the President's special. It was repaid to him later—and that is about as near as a President of the United States has come to paying fare in a long time.

Mr. Cleveland Paid. When President Cleveland made his first

trip west he paid fare for himself and all the members of his party. The interstate commerce law had just gone into effect and he was afraid of being criticised for violating it. But the five or six first-class tickets which his private secretary bought did not pay for the fine special train that

Hauling the President's special is an expensive undertaking. On most roads it means side-tracking all other business for the time. One of the big coal railroads once not put every feelch core on side tracks. ce put every freight car on side tracks all night because the President was going of his half over the line. Another road sidetracked hundreds of cars of grain and live stock pediment. If you want work read the want columns

through which President McKin'ey must necessarily pass on his next trip he will breakfast and dine on the train. It is a matter of pride with the car cook to put an elaborate meal before the President three times a day, so when the car is stocked the best of everything is taken

Fishing in Snowbanks. From the New York Sun.

AS WASHINGTON TRAVELED WHILE PRESIDENT.

A snow avalanche with very unusual results is reported from Norway. It gave the people of Christiania something to talk about for a week. The unique phenomenon inches. At one end was to be the kitchen and quarters for cook and porter. A salon in the middle of the car, two bed rooms, a occurred among the low mountains back of the capital on March 13. There had been an extraordinary fall of snow, and then came a big thaw, which melted a great deal of the ice in the little Lilledal river. A very large number of fish had their home in this stream, and what happened to them is Nothing has been done toward building this train, and the project seems to have fallen through. So the President in his outings will use other persons' cars, as most of his predecessors have done. the unusual feature of this avalanche.

In the night a large mass of snow on the hills on one side of the stream slipped from the slopes and glided with great velocity down into the river. The face of the ava-lanche was about a mile in length, and for that distance it slid into the sharing the river bed with the water, but violently ejecting the stream and the fish living in it.

The force of that concussion must have been very great, for the water and fish were hurled hundreds of feet. Next morning the people were very much surprised to find, high on the slopes of the nills bordering the other side of the valley, a great number of fish scattered over the snow. For some of fish scattered over the snow. For some days there was a most unusual sort of fishing in progress. Men, women and children were floundering about in the snow gathering the fish in baskets, and the people liver the state of t ing along the valley had all the fish they could eat without baiting a hook.

Wound Cured Stuttering. From the New York Sun.

performed in its coursings through the systems of fighting Americans in the late wars have resulted in some queer tales. The latest is the experience of Private H. E. Redmond, Company C, 1st Colorado Volunteer Infantry, who, when he enlisted, stut-tered so badly that the recruiting officer came near leaving him off the rolls. Private Redmond was wounded in the battle of Mariquina, on March 31. Now his wound is healed and he stutters no more.

The curious freaks the Mauser bullet has

A Mauser bullet struck him in the face, passed diagonally downward through his mouth, and made its exit near the back of mouth, and made its exit near the back of the neck. It was considered a frightful wound by the surgeons, but Redmond proceeded to recover even faster than patients with less painful injuries. Now all that can be seen of the wound is a small, livid spot to the left of the nose and above the upper lip. Redmond chews hardtack with the greatest zest and tells stories he has not been able to finish in years on account of his halting speech. He insists that the Meuser bullet carried away his vocal impediment.



SIR WALTER BESANT IN HIS LIBRARY.

term, "the honorable gentleman," and the incident closed. The Wit of the House. "That man walking away now is the wit

of the house," said my friend. "He's Irish, of course. Unfortunately he's with the government now, poor chap. He's as droop-

ing and morose as a rightingale with the croup. Ah, you should see him on the left, when he's 'agin the government'-his

righteous wrath over the doings of the con-servatives is magnificent to behold."
"But tell me, Mac," said I, "why did the henorable gentleman on the left call the honorable gentleman on the right the Rev-erend Mr. Blank?"

erend Mr. Blank?"
"Oh, he's a reformed Presbyterian preacher. But you can't blame him. He had a little flock away out on the Pacific coast, and this opportunity came; he was competent, and knew it, so he stood for parliament (they rur over the border) and was elected. Now he comes over here, twenty-five hundred miles, railroad pass, perhaps, ten cents a mile, \$250. He gets a thousand for the sitting, long or short, does the same twenty-five hundred miles going home at the same rate, cleaning up fifteen hundred dollars, a thousand of which he will save."

Now Mr. Foster, ex-minister of finance and one of the ablest and most polished speakers in the house, takes the lead, in the temporary absence of Sir Charles Tup-per, Bart., and asks the minister of the in-terior why he has employed a new man in terior why he has employed a new man in a certain department at a salary of eleven hundred a year, when there were twenty-six old employes in that department wait-ing for promotion.

Baiting a Minister.

The question seemed impertinent to me, but Mr. Sifton rose and explained. It was all Greek to me, but I could see by the quiet gaze of the minister that he understood, and thought Mr. Foster would apologize and subside. But he did nothing of the sort. He spoke at length, declaring that the honorable minister of the interior's explanation did not explain, and the minister tried again, but to no purpose. He wanted to know why this man got the job. Senator Vest of Missouri could have explained it all in a breath. "Cause he's our kind of folks," he would have said, but Mr. Sifton seemed never to think of that, if that was the reason.

Now, Mr. Foster's questions became almost exasperating to me, and Mr. Sifton's replies equally so, but they were as calm and polite as could be, never so much as moving a hand toward their hip pockets.

Seven times he got the minister up and down, and then Mae said "Let's go he stood, and thought Mr. Foster would apole-

moving a hand toward their hip pockets.
Seven times he got the minister up and down, and then Mac said, "Let's go—he won't tell," and we strolled out.

As we gained the open Mac turned and looked up over the door. "I want to tell," you a story," said he.

"In the days when Sir John—the great Sir John MacDonald—was premier, some-body stuck a little wooden cross up above that door. One of Sir John's ministers came breathlessly to the premier and wantcame breathlessly to the premier and want-ed the thing taken down at once. 'Leave it there,' said Sir John; 'that will help us in Quebec.'

in Quebec.

"Years passed and the little cross kept its place. Finally there came a change. A premier came who was a Catholic. Presently the cross was missing, and a number of the faithful waited upon the just minister to ask that the emblem be restored to

'Is it gone?' asked the premier. "Yes, they made answer, it is gone,"
"Well-let it go. That will help us in
Ontario."
It seemed as natural for the Canadians

to mix religion and politics as for a Ken-tuckian to mix water and sugar.

I had never read a graphic pen picture of the Canadian capital, and now, as we strolled out to the brink of the high cliff upon which stands the magnificent parlia-ment and other government buildings, I

was in a condition to enjoy the beauties of It was one of those rare June nights that had come to Canada, after an unusually severe winter, two months ahead of time. The moon was just peeping over the city, catching the eddying swirls of the Ottawa, whose waters had been fretted into white foam at the falls half a mile above. Just across the river, in the province of Quebec, is the manufacturing and lumbering town of Hull. It was here, or hereabouts, that the Yankee pioneer, Wright of Waburn, rested and laid the foundation for a for-

It is -asy to understand that all strangers, from the first French voyageur to the present writer, have grown enthusiastic over Ottawa. No man with a soul can stand upon the edge of the cliff on Parliament Hill, day or night, without feeling a thrill of delight, so wondrously beautiful is the scene. To be sure, things have changed since the days of Philemon Wright. The below us in the shadows where the famous "lovers' walk" winds among the shruts, we can hear the soft voices and the low musical laugh of lovers that are strolling there. But ever above it all we hear the ceas-less roar of the mighty river, as it

"I object! I ob-ject!" said a blonde man, and he looked it.

"What is it the honorable gentleman objects to?" asked the speaker.

"I object to the honorable gentleman's constant reference to me as the Reverend Mr. Blank."

The man who had committed the breach the mighty river, as it caseless roar of the mighty river, as it sucks through the narrows and plunges over the rocks—the deathless song of the characteristic properties of the mighty river, as it sucks through the narrows and plunges over the rocks—the deathless song of the Chandiere,

We read in that interesting book, "Cangda and Its Capital," that Wright of Washington the climbed to the top of more than one hundred trees to view the situation of the

SIR WALTER BESANT.

that nonor was of far less account than the realization in stone and mortar some time previously of the people's palace, an institution which first lived in his imagination, and was described in his book "All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

Though not considered his most meritorious work by the critics, this is for any constant of the property of the people's palace, and ideal home and there his house shelters are collection of books second to few private libraries in all London. The house is an unassuming semi-detached villa. The